

THE PERILS OF PAULINE

Presented by the Star-Bulletin in
Collaboration with "Blairs"
Greater Photo Plays at the
Popular Theatre

By Arrangement with the Eclectic Film Co.

The story of this great film-romance is published each Saturday in the Star-Bulletin, and during the week following the photo-plays are shown at the houses given below. Read the thrilling story on Saturday and see the splendid and no less thrilling pictures of romance and adventure the following week.

THE CAST.

Pauline, Marvin's adopted daughter..... Pearl White
Stanford Marvin, aged multi-millionaire..... Endora Jess
Harry, his son..... Crane Wilbur
Raymond Owen, Marvin's secretary..... Paul Panzer

SCENES FROM THRILLING PHOTO PLAY "THE PERILS OF PAULINE"



"GESS I've been running on too steep a grade on the high gear, Raymond, and have got to cut her down a little if I want to make good on the Marvin advertising matter," said Sanford Marvin, millionaire automobile manufacturer to Raymond Owen, his private secretary, one afternoon shortly after his return from a visit to the land of the pyramids, whither he had gone in search of health.

"At that, Raymond, we advertise the Marvin car to last a lifetime, don't we, and surely Old Man Marvin should be as good as the car he has made—the best in the United States—and surely I have not anywhere reached the time to be relegated to the scrap heap."

"No, not yet; there's many a year of good work left in the old war-horse. Nevertheless, Raymond, you have been a good and faithful help to me, and I have made plans to shift to your shoulders some of the responsibilities of my business."

"I would like that son of mine to be ready to take my place when the time comes and I guess he will, but youth must have its fling. You know that, Raymond, don't you? Saw a little high life in your younger days, I'll wager."

"By the way, Raymond, have you noticed how attentive Harry has been to Pauline recently? It would do my old heart good to know that they two would be married before my usefulness entirely ends."

"Pauline is a wonderful girl, wonderful girl, and I could not think a mile more of her—were she my own flesh and blood instead of being merely my adopted daughter."

The infirmities of old age were beginning to creep upon Sanford Marvin. They were creeping much faster than he anticipated, although he could not fool his physician as easily as he did himself, which partly accounted for the fact that it was under medical advice that he had made a leisurely trip to and tour of Egypt but a few months previous.

Marvin continued opening letters and dictating answers to Owen, who sat across the large mahogany library table from his employer, listening attentively to every word that fell from the lips of the automobile magnate but never making reply unless the occasion absolutely demanded it.

"Listen to this, Owen," said Marvin. "Here is a letter from that old rascal of a doctor who will have worn himself out with work while I am enjoying life with my children's children playing at my knee. He says, 'Quit work immediately and devote yourself entirely to Harry and Pauline.' Now, what do you think of that?"

"The doctor undoubtedly thinks there is a reason for your not continuing in harness any longer," replied Owen, "and I believe if I were you, Mr. Marvin, I would be guided to some extent at least by his advice."

"Here comes the youngsters now," said Marvin, being apprised of their nearness by the noise that emanated from the neighboring room bursting through the door Harry and Pauline entered, bedecked in white flannels and striped blouses, ready for a session on the tennis courts.

The state of health of the loving father and foster-father had caused not a little concern to Harry and Pauline and frequently, at the courts and in other places of recreation that young folks find so easily accessible, daddy was the topic of most earnest discussion. Each loved the old gentleman dearly and held for him that deep respect that is the due of a parent who has given his life to his offspring and who has made them a part of his life. Neither would think of leaving the house without first inquiring the state of "daddy's health."

"Fit for an endurance contest this afternoon?" The old gentleman anticipated the question which had sprung to the lips of each of his loved ones.

"Why, I have a good mind to join you on the courts for a set or two to show you that your set is far from the sea-been class as yet."

All joined in the laugh which followed, even the solemn visage of Owen taking on a semblance of a smile as he casually remarked, "I hardly think your physician would approve of any such heroic exercise, Mr. Marvin."

"Come on, daddy, and join us. You and I can beat Harry I am sure and he is just as mean as he can be and beats me almost every time we play."

"No, I guess not today, baby-girl," replied the smiling parent, "Raymond and I are going to be busy for an hour or so. I am planning to turn over some of the heavier business responsibilities to him and make him do a little of the work. We will be straightened out in a few days now and then you can count on me at your play."

"Don't forget, daddy, you and I will beat Harry just as soon as you are ready," retorted Pauline, a handsome girl on the border of womanhood, as she kissed him and flew from the room in company with her foster-brother and—almost sweetheart.

Arm in arm the youngsters playfully

ran towards the courts, Harry teasing Pauline for a kiss and Pauline refusing him as is the wont of girls like Pauline. On several occasions Harry would have stolen the coveted kiss but for the fact that his companion's tennis racket made a beautiful shield and, whatever Pauline's expertness over the net, in this emergency she showed herself a past-master in the use of a shield.

"Oh, Harry, look, look, there goes an airship," she cried when midway to the afternoon's game. Harry, of course, must see the birdman and turned in the direction pointed out only to be greeted with a playful slap on the cheek from the girl, who immediately took to her heels.

However, either she was not sufficiently fleet of foot or else she did not extend herself to the limit for Harry caught her in but a little distance and compelled her to kiss the place she had slapped. Reluctantly, apparently, she obeyed.

Soon they were enjoying the pleasure of tennis and the company of each other. Each was perfectly satisfied and each was happy and contented. Why not? Daddy, the first consideration of both, was feeling fine, and they were both in the best of health. Each loved the other, although possibly neither knew it, and their own company was sufficient to bring them all the happiness that they could well ask.

The game of tennis was rudely interrupted by Owen, who had been despatched by Sanford Marvin to summon the children into the house to share with him the pleasure of opening up a case containing a mummy that he had picked up during his travel in Egypt.

Owen explained to Pauline and



Harry that their father had chosen a corner in the spacious reception hall in which to place his newly acquired treasure, although he failed to tell them that the automobile magnate had just recovered from a most severe attack of heart trouble, superinduced by his determination to smoke one of his favorite cigars, cigars that he had made expressly for his own use and which cost him in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars for as many smokes.

When Marvin lighted his cigar Owen remonstrated mildly and following the attack had requested his employer to cease work for the day. But Marvin was not the man to allow a little physical pain to interfere with his plans. Had such been the case he would never have risen to his position of pre-eminence in the automobile world and made his grueling though winning fight against the trust. Nature was balking against abuse but old man Marvin would not be dictated to; no, not even by Nature and had insisted on finishing the day's work until he had again been interrupted by the arrival of the large express package from Cairo, Egypt.

Neither did Owen, upon his return, tell his employer that he had happened on the courts in time to hear Harry tell Pauline of his love for her and to see Pauline act as it is reported young girls act when told such things by parties from whom such news is welcome. He did not even allow Pauline or Harry to know that they had been discovered in their declarations of eternal love and fidelity.

Another possible oversight on the part of Owen was his neglect to state that he had met, while out of the house, a disreputable individual who had addressed him as "Ray," and who, judging from their conversation, had been party with the sedate and dignified Owen to certain transactions that, to apply a charitable name, had been "shady."

"Well, what is it you are after this time? More money, I suppose?" questioned Ray, answering his own question in the same breath.

"Sure, old top, you guessed it first shot," replied the uncouth individual, "but you needn't get so cheery. You know that in the old days I did you many a good turn. Stop and think of the feeds I have staked you to when you were up against it. Don't let prosperity get to your head too strong, my boy, you are liable to slap the bank-roll on a sure-shot and get the double-cross."

"Well, here you are, take this and get out," Owen says, offering Hicks a roll of bills that, when counted, did not appeal to the latter as being a sufficient sum to receive from one in as prosperous circumstances as was his old comrade Owen.

"Now, get me right, Ray," he said; "get me right sure. How would you like me to tell the old guy 'side about some of the deals we pulled off when you were following the track? Wouldn't like it, would you? Well, he will be put next unless you comedically across and come across like a littlethe case, which had cost Marvin a

gentleman. What d'you think I can do with a bunch like this? This is no grub stake and I want enough to make a real killing. I've got a good thing coming up in a couple of days and I want to play it across the board with a bank-roll in all three spots. It's up to you to provide the coin or the old bloke gets put wise."

"Why can't you have a little patience, Hicks," pleaded Owen, "the old gentleman is not going to live very much longer. He is strong for me and I will be remembered handsomely in his will. I expect him to leave me a small fortune and then we will both get ours."

The prospects of a goodly pile of wealth, for which he would not be compelled to labor, appealed to the race track follower and former partner of Sanford Marvin's private secretary and he left the grounds, warning Owen that he expected him to keep his word and divide the spoils upon the death of the automobile manufacturer.

Owen hastened to join his employer, Pauline and Harry, all of whom were

will be put next unless you comedically across and come across like a littlethe case, which had cost Marvin a

small fortune in transportation alone, besides the goodly figure that always lay imposed upon wealthy Americans who show a disposition to acquire riches in foreign lands and for whose special benefit relics are today manufactured in large quantities and manufactured equal to the genuine article.

At least they come so near to the genuine that the aforementioned wealthy Americans spend fortunes in acquiring them under the delusion that they are getting something from the ages long gone by.

With the arrival of his latest acquired treasure Sanford Marvin is almost perfectly satisfied with life, but one thing remains that would complete his happiness and that could be supplied by the two who are nearest and dearest to him and who love him above all else in the world. If Pauline and Harry were only wed he would be content, and he was telling them so when Owen entered the room.

"Children, it would brighten the old man's remaining days beyond measure if you two were married or I was sure you were to be married soon," he is saying. "What do you youngsters think about it?"

Harry is most agreeable to the proposition, showing his pleasure in a bashful, boyish smile. But not so with Pauline, even though she had but a few moments previously listened to the love-whispers from the lips of the youth in whose hand hers had been placed by Marvin.

"Yes, daddy," said the girl, "I may marry Harry some day and I imagine I will, but first I want to see the world. I want to travel. I want to get experiences so that I can write something worth while. You know I have written several short stories but I want to write a great big book. Then maybe I will think about getting married—to Harry."

"What, you writing stories," laughs her foster-father, "and what do you do with them, pray?"

"Here is one that I wrote a little while ago," responds Pauline, producing from the table a late issue of one of the popular magazines.

Sanford Marvin takes the magazine and bids the children and Owen to leave him alone while he glances through it. A casual glance shortly deepens into the greatest of interest and before he lays down the magazine he has absorbed every word of a thrilling tale of love and adventure, bearing the title of "Fire on Board an Ocean Liner."

"Splendid, splendid!" exclaimed the old gentleman in such a loud tone of

voice that the three in the adjoining room heard and hastened to his side. "Splendid, Pauline, my dear," he repeated, "splendid, I never realized that you possessed such ability. Why that fire at sea could not have been better described. And wasn't Lady Florence the brave girl to entertain all the passengers with her beautiful dances when she knew that a fierce fire was raging almost under her very feet."

"If you think that travel would aid you I am agreeable that you shall spend one year abroad. I will let you go under the care of my trusted secretary and then I want you to come home and marry my boy."

Harry entered a mild protest against the proposed trip, asking, "Why not get married and you and I take the trip together, Pauline?"

Pauline, however, is of a different mind. She desires to make the trip one of work not pleasure. Her ideals are of the highest order and she is firmly convinced that by travel, and by travel only, can she improve her knowledge and reach the height in the field of literature to which she aspires.

Owen is elated over the confidence reposed in him by his employer and promises to take the best of care of his charge provided Mr. Marvin assents to carry out the arrangement he has suggested. But another power, one with which none of the quartette had reckoned, was to take a hand in their little affairs and to change in a most radical manner their plans for the future.

Sanford Marvin seeks further pleasure in the unwrapping of his mummy and as he cuts away the bands that bind her—the mummy is that of an Egyptian princess of a reigning house when the history of the Occident was in the making—his mind wanders back to his pleasant visit in her native land but a short time ago.

All the others have left him alone with his treasure and leisurely he potters around the mummy case until he stumbles across a relic of the past ages for which he had not bargained when he purchased the mummy. A small earthen bottle, tightly corked, is caught in one of the folds of the mummy's wrappings.

Marvin leaves the mummy to examine his newly-found treasure. He removes the stopper from the tiny vial and there emerges a thin stream of sticky substance. Marvin, his curiosity aroused, inhales a quantity of this substance and in a few moments drops off into a heavy rambling spell. He arouses from his spell with a cry of alarm which quickly brings to his side Owen, Pauline and Harry, the former fearing that something serious may have happened to the aged man.

Quickly removing the bandage from around the wrist of the mummy, Marvin discovers an odd snake-like bracelet, which he places on the wrist of Pauline and then recites to his little audience a dream with which he was visited during his fainting spell but a few moments before.

In his dream Marvin had seen the mummy discard her wrappings and step from the mummy case. She was more beautiful than all of the descriptions he had ever heard of the beautiful women of Egypt, of biblical times and with her beauty possessed a knowledge of affairs that excited her high station in life and her comprehension of matters pertaining to her country.

Particularly struck had the mummy been with an oil painting of Pauline which adorned the wall of the reception hall and on the picture she had gazed lovingly and long. Following a careful examination of the furnishings of the room and of the table upon which Marvin's head was resting, the beautiful visitor who had stepped out of a century of centuries, maybe, engaged Marvin in conversation. "What did she say to him?" That he could not remember but he realized that her message was one of importance and had to do with the bracelet which now adorned the wrist of Pauline, and that it was a message from the remote past.

This bracelet the princess had endeavored to place on the wrist of Marvin and so impressed had he been with the bracelet, episode that immediately upon recovering consciousness he had instinctively felt for the relic of the woman's jewelry.

Apparently as Marvin was about to recover consciousness the princess had again stepped back into the case and was nothing but a mummy when he next examined it.

That the strange vision had some connection with Pauline, Marvin felt assured. The admiration of the dream-princess for the painting of his adopted daughter and a fancied resemblance

(Continued on Page Eighteen.)

"THE PERILS OF PAULINE."

Where Shown:

MONDAY NIGHTS—Aldome, Ft. Shafter, under direction Lt. Clement H. Wright and at Popular theater, Honolulu.

TUESDAY NIGHTS—Post Exchange, Ft. Kamehameha, under direction of Lt. Herbert E. Ellis and at Popular theater, Honolulu.

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS—25th Infantry amusement hall, Schofield Barracks, under direction of Lt. George W. Harris and at Popular theater, Honolulu.

THURSDAY NIGHTS—Castner Hall, Ft. Castner, under direction of Lt. William C. Gardenhire, and at the Popular theater, Honolulu.

FRIDAY NIGHTS—At Popular theater, Honolulu.

SATURDAY NIGHTS—Cavalry and Artillery amusement hall, Schofield Barracks, under direction of Lt. William C. Gardenhire, and at the Popular theater, Honolulu.